

HEARTH & BOUDOIR
Everybody Wears White Costumes.
Variety Achieved Through Smart Accessories—French Workmen's Blouse Copied with Success.

Trouville, Aug. 17.
The vogue of white costumes continues to be as great as ever. All women, young or old, poor or rich, wear white morning, noon and night. The more variety is achieved than one would think possible. For the morning are trotteurs of white linen, plaid or of the new loosely woven white serges. White handkerchief linen, all a four with English embroidery, is worn in the afternoon, and for tea and garden parties there are filmy things of plume and mousseline de soie, marvelously worked with cunning hand stitchery into tiny pleats, with lace and embroidery embracing motifs of heavy lace or of embroidered. Next to white, the tender pastel tints of old water colors, barely suggesting color, yet far more durable than white, are best beloved.

leaving the long breadths to fly as they would, sometimes quite enveloping the slender figure, sometimes floating like summer clouds. Shoes, stockings and parasol were also blue.
Another novel idea is to wear with white skirts, short or long, a blouse or coarse gipure lace, crocheted by hand of ficelle, the blouse loose and the sleeves falling wide and open. Under this, naturally, is worn an under blouse of white mull. A wide belt of rather large cords, matching the lace in tint passes through leather slides and fastens with a large leather buckle in front.

Everywhere one sees pretty cloth jackets, high waisted and lengthened by a narrow circular frill—matching in color the hat and parasol. Worn with white skirts, they have an effect altogether charming. A costume of this sort seen at the casino one morning had a skirt of smooth white linen trimmed with half lozenges of the material, stitched in double rows on the edges. The garment which seems to be the dernier cri, and practical as well, for it can go often and with safety to the wash. The little jacket, coquettish with its big Directorate revers, was of groselle colored cloth—a shade much seen in the newest gowns. The hat was of groselle crin, tipped high by great bunches of roque plumes of the same tint.
A young bride who displays daily a new toilet was fascinating that day in a costume of coarse tussor silk of a pale shade of old rose. The skirt, plain on the sides and at the back, was trimmed on the front breadth with narrow bias bands of taffeta silk curving into oblong shaded designs running down each side and meeting at the foot in the centre. On this band tiny round pearl buttons were sprinkled thickly, this same decoration being continued in double lines up to the front of the bodice and around the edge of the low neck. The sleeved guimp was of soft white batiste, finely tucked but without other ornamentation, and a string of pearls circled the throat. The hat of manilla straw curved into a becoming shape was trimmed with the feathers of some exotic bird in dull pink, shading at the tips into warm copper color. The umbrella matched the costume, and the handle was beautifully set with jade.

"I must not only breed good cats, but I must create a good market for my cats," said this wise woman to herself. And that is can do only by advertising and properly presenting my stock. So she launched out.
Cat farms established on lines similar to poultry farms will be successful, she says. The cat farms will use intelligence and not be led astray into experiments. Angoras are like other animals—they need care, although not nearly so much as some other pets.
A little farm of ten or fifteen acres can be purchased, a little house put up for the farmer to live in, with catteries 50 or 100 feet away.
"Cat farms are not desirable in cities. On the farm, the cats require a certain amount of freedom, which it is impossible often to maintain for them in the city, and, on the other hand, they are a constant menace to the poultry and other stock. They need the country, with plenty of room to roam about in, if they are to grow up with health and beauty."

"Only a small sum need be invested. Such a farm as I have in mind offers many money-making opportunities, besides the cats themselves, which the woman who is out for the dollar, will be keen to grasp herself. She can sell some of her milk, for one thing, for it would be able to try to raise any number of cats without keeping a cow. Milk farms about three-fourths of the diet of the Angoras. Then, there are chickens, bees and a kitchen garden, all of which might be run in combination with the cats.
This particular cat fancier thinks that a person keeping fifty queens ought to average about two hundred cats a year. The sale of these from \$10 to \$50 apiece would bring in a good return, but, in addition, the breeding of cats has made a lucrative side line. There are always quantities of people in New York, Boston, Chicago and the other large cities, who go away for the summer or leave for Europe, to be gone a long time, and want to find comfortable quarters for their high priced pets. At \$2 a week well kept cats are a very well, as twenty or twenty-five could be accommodated at very little extra expense.
Beware of cat shows is one of this breeder's pet slogans. "Don't run the risk of giving your cats place where they were born, and where they breed. All sorts of cat shows, the judges can't tell when a cat is really good, and they will be made a lucrative side line, possibly to die on the way home or to bring back disease and death to the cats. The confinement and excitement are always bad for them. The fact of organized exclusively to raise thoroughbreds could be made to pay. I always tell them, 'Yes.'
This woman was one of many who have taken up the breeding of long-hairs as a business proposition. Beginning as so many women have, with only three or four queens, she soon found that many features must remain undeveloped so long as she operated in so small a way.

WHEN IN GERMANY
BE SURE TO SEE
GRUNFELD'S LINEN STORE,
20, 21, Leipziger Street, Berlin, W.
OWN MILLS: LANDESHUT, SILESIA.

WAR ON INSECTS.
Bed-bugs, Moths, Ants, Fleas—Sallade's Mosquito Bite Cure and Insect Exterminator kills all insect life. A world-renowned lotion for keeping away mosquitoes and other insects when sprayed around. The only article that has stood the public's test for over 20 years (non-poisonous). First bottles, 25c; 1/2 gallon, \$1.00; gallon, \$2.00. Sallade's ROACH TERROR will positively clear your house of roaches. Sold in 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. tins; makes no dust. All druggists and grocers. or SALLADE & CO., manufacturers, 122 Cedar St., N. Y.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN

ON CAT RAISING.
If you really must do something, why don't you raise Angora cats? she asked, holding up for admiration a tiny half set fur out of which glowed two sparkling eyes. "A great many people have asked me since I began my catery if a farm organized exclusively to raise thoroughbreds could be made to pay. I always tell them, 'Yes.'
This woman was one of many who have taken up the breeding of long-hairs as a business proposition. Beginning as so many women have, with only three or four queens, she soon found that many features must remain undeveloped so long as she operated in so small a way.

LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

A Four Year Old Hero.

Humane Society Awards Medal to Little Clarence Osborne, Who Saved His Cousin from Drowning.

Clarence Osborne, of Winchelsea, Mass., is the youngest person in the world to receive the medal of a humane society for bravery.
Clarence is only four, and in all his short life he has never been addressed as "Mr. Clarence Osborne, No. 5 Nelson street, Winchelsea, Mass.," till the Humane Society called him that on the package which the postman left for him one morning, a week or two ago. He was so accustomed to his own importance—"Mr. Osborne"—that he stood by and let his mother open the parcel, bringing to light from its many wrappings a small black leather plush-lined case. Inside the case—but here Clarence decided to take a hand in the operation himself—was a handsome bronze medal. Inscribed on the back were the words:
"Clarence Osborne. For bravery in saving a life at Winchelsea, January 18, 1906." On the front was engraved, Presented by the Massachusetts Humane Society.
But this is just the end of the story. The beginning, Oh, that was way back last January, on a package which the postman left for him one morning, a week or two ago. He was so accustomed to his own importance—"Mr. Osborne"—that he stood by and let his mother open the parcel, bringing to light from its many wrappings a small black leather plush-lined case. Inside the case—but here Clarence decided to take a hand in the operation himself—was a handsome bronze medal. Inscribed on the back were the words:
"Clarence Osborne. For bravery in saving a life at Winchelsea, January 18, 1906." On the front was engraved, Presented by the Massachusetts Humane Society.
But this is just the end of the story. The beginning, Oh, that was way back last January, on a package which the postman left for him one morning, a week or two ago. He was so accustomed to his own importance—"Mr. Osborne"—that he stood by and let his mother open the parcel, bringing to light from its many wrappings a small black leather plush-lined case. Inside the case—but here Clarence decided to take a hand in the operation himself—was a handsome bronze medal. Inscribed on the back were the words:
"Clarence Osborne. For bravery in saving a life at Winchelsea, January 18, 1906." On the front was engraved, Presented by the Massachusetts Humane Society.



CLARENCE OSBORNE, FOUR YEARS OLD, THE YOUNGEST HERO IN AMERICA TO RECEIVE A MEDAL FROM THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

The Halls of Her Ancestors.

BY ESTELLE C. DALY, OF NORMAL COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY.

A PRIZE STORY.
The old, gray horse toiled slowly up Plymouth Hill. It was a hot day and the carriage behind him was heavy. On the driver's seat Mr. Austin led the reins hanging loosely from his left hand, as he turned to regard his passengers. There were three of them, a tall woman, with gray hair, and two little girls, one merry, brown-skinned child; the other pale and golden haired, with wistful eyes of varying hue. They had come to German Valley by the 10 o'clock train, and had spent an hour trying to find some one who could direct them to the house where Mr. MacLauren used to live. After many failures they had met Mr. Austin, who not only remembered where the place was but pointed on the steep road, past the old houses and fields, golden with autumn, he turned and spoke to the horse. "You said you came out to see the house," he remarked. "Thinkin' of buyin' it?"
"O, no," replied the woman, smiling. "This is just a pleasure trip. Elma wanted to see the house where she was born, and she has saved her money for nearly two years to come here."

The golden haired child looked up at her mother and smiled. "I've heard of my ancestors," she said, reverently. "Then MacLauren was your father?" asked Austin.
"O, no," replied the child, and her eyes darkened with tears.
For several minutes they jogged along in silence. Mr. Austin, his elbows on his knees, was pondering deeply. Presently he heard Elma's voice again. She was talking to her mother. "It's a very long time since I was here, Isabelle," she said. "I was only four when we went away, and I remember a little. It was a big house—kind of brown, with trees around it, in a great big yard. And back of the house there was a hill, and goldenrod used to grow there. Oh, just wait until you and Miss Tyrrel see it!"
"Elma," said Miss Tyrrel, "I wouldn't expect too much. You will be disappointed."

"There's a house with goldenrod behind it now," broke in Isabelle. "Is that it, Elma?"
The three others looked up. At first they could see nothing except a patch of waving goldenrod and the shining of a roof, but across the carriage mounted another knoll and the building itself came to their view—a small, unpalatial frame house, nearly black from exposure to weather and shaded by a few gaunt maples that grew crookedly close together. Some of the windows were broken, and those which remained were thickly incrusted with dirt. In the tiny doorway an unkempt child chased a brood of little chickens until they ran around the corner and up a rise into a little plot of goldenrod.
This little four in the carriage took in at a glance, and there was a dead silence. Presently Elma's voice said quite firmly:
"O, no, of course that isn't it." Then, almost pleadingly, "No, of course that isn't it."

For some reason Mr. Austin seemed to feel under a necessity of protesting he had been asleep for a long time before answering. Then, when he saw the house he uttered a low, loud laugh.
"O, of course it isn't my dear," he said, "it's a good piece yet to the hall of your ancestors. Pretty neat, isn't it? I'll tell you when we get there."



HOW MANY OBJECTS SPELLED WITH THREE LETTERS CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?

A SEA SPIDER.

Spiders in the sea? Yes, indeed, plenty of them. You may meet them at ebb tide creeping about among the rocks. Many and curious are their forms, but more curious still are their ways.
"O, my dear," cries Miss Spider to her husband, "stand still a bit while I fasten these eggs to your legs. I think I've done my share in laying them. Now, do you take them and give them what attention is necessary."

THE LETTER BOX.
While your vacation is still fresh in your mind write a letter to the editor about the good time you have had this summer, or about any interesting experience that you or any of your little friends may have had. For the neatest and best letter of not more than six hundred words and not less than fifty a prize of \$5.00 will be given. The prize letter will be published, together with all others that are interesting. If the boys and girls will write simple, natural letters, those they would send to the editor is sure that they will be read by thousands of readers and writers. Say what you have to say in a straightforward way, using simple words to express your meaning.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Jumbled Word—"Vacation" was the answer in this contest, and the prize winners and their prizes are: Aida Hauschenberg, ten years old, No. 29 South Twelfth avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; a Tribune watch; and Leonard Cochran, ten years old, No. 3 Centre street, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; a Tribune watch.
Drawings—"A Little Girl in a Cook's Cap and Apron." The neatest and best two original drawings were submitted by Genevieve Carolan, fourteen years old, No. 917 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, who wishes an embroidery set, and Hannah Klein, thirteen years old, No. 782 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, a Tribune fountain pen.



PRIZE DRAWINGS OF "A LITTLE GIRL IN A COOK'S CAP AND APRON."

How to Win a Prize.

Contest No. 1 (Object Puzzle).—Choice of a boy's Tribune watch, a dainty leather workbook, a pretty embroidery set, containing eight stamped dollies, needles, colored threads, a thimble and two hoops; a Tribune fountain pen, or a box of water color paints, for the neatest and best two answers.
Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About).—Choice of a pretty globe book, an interesting book, a log cabin ink well, a Tribune fountain pen, a sterling silver Tribune badge, for the best two answers.
Contest No. 3 (Drawing: A Ragged Newby).—Choice of a box of nice linen writing paper, a checkerboard and checkers, an embroidery set, a Tribune fountain pen, a boy's Tribune watch, or a leather card case, for the neatest and best two original drawings. These drawings must be in black ink on white paper.

Things to Think About.

HIDDEN BIRDS.
In each one of the following sentences the name of a well known bird can be found:
1. It is a shame to rob innocent birds of their eggs.
2. This wall, owing to its great age, has crumbled into ruins.
3. In none of the shops I visited could I find the particular kind of silk I wanted.
4. The peasants hitch their picturesque little cottages with rushes.
5. Old Casper bowed a large party of tourists across the lake.
6. Now and then we could catch glimpses of the great city in the distance.
7. It was only by working hard all day that Lucy finished her assignment.
8. Will you ask Ernest or Kenneth to get the map?
9. Such awkwardness I never saw.
10. Peering that he would be late for school Eric ran every step of the way.
11. The invention of pillow lace has been claimed for Barbara Ctenary, who lived in Saxony in the sixteenth century.
12. At the risk of her life Sara ventured into the burning building and rescued the two little girls.
13. Abraham Lincoln, now renowned as one of the greatest men America has produced, was born in poverty and obscurity.
14. "Neary has the head that wears a crown."
15. There is no use incouring over lost riches.

ENIGMA.
I'm never in months, but always in years;
I'm never in ships, but always in tears;
I'm never in gold, but always in rags;
I'm never in the glass, I'm found in the rim;
I'm always in the glass, I'm not in the hymn.
I'm always in wrong and also in right;
I'm found in the dark, but not in the light.

Letters From Our Prize Winners.
Dear Editor: I received the bank some time ago. I am very proud of it, as it is the first prize I have ever won. I would have thanked you sooner, only I had a sore hand and could not write. Thanking you again, I remain, yours truly,
HELEN MAGUIRE.
No. 214 83d street, Bensonhurst, Brooklyn.
Dear Editor: Please excuse my delay in writing, but I am away camping, and have just been notified from home that the prize yacht you so kindly sent has arrived. I thank you sincerely for it on my own account, and also for the amusement of my cousins who come to the house and who will use it. Yours truly,
E. S. BRINGLE, jr.
Armenia Union, New York.
Dear Editor: I received the box of water color paints for being one of the winners in the goat drawing contest. I was very pleased, and think it a sensible and useful gift. Thanking you for your kind attention, I remain, yours truly,
JOSEPH MILLON.
No. 903 Third avenue, New York City.

Answers to Puzzles Published August 19.
DROPPED LETTERS.
1. Little Bill was ill and could not play with the other boys and girls, so he sat at the window, and leaning over the sill watched his sister Gill and his cousin Will playing by a mill that ran down a hill and turned the wheel of a small mill. Poor little Bill!
2. I wore my frock to the picnic and tore it so badly that it could not be mended without putting in a new one. So I was obliged to send to town for more material. The whole affair was a bore, and I was sorry I did not stay at home and read my new book of ancient lore, because I am always interested in anything about the region.
3. Little Dot started out to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The poor little tot did not find the gold, but wet her feet and lost a bad cold. Next day she had to stay in bed with her head under a bottle at her feet, and take a lot of bad medicine.
4. On a warm afternoon at the farm the alarm was given that the bees were about to swarm. The insects alighted on the arm of the farmer's wife, but she shook them off into an empty hive, and they did not do her any harm.
5. Jake did not go to the lake, so he sat in the kitchen and watched the cook make a cake for him to take with him; but when she got it into a pan to bake she set it on the stove and he was so sleepy that he fell asleep. He ran out on the lawn and began to race up the fallen leaves, for his father paid him for this work and he knew that he would not wake in time the next morning to do anything before starting on his frock.

CHARADE.
Chin-chill-a.

Dear Editor: I want to write and thank you for the yacht I received this morning. I think it is a very fine prize, and hope to win another. We hope more boats will be given by a mill that ran down the Tribune very much. Yours truly,
MIRIAM H. SWIFT.
Sound Beach, Conn.
Dear Editor: I received your prize, which was a fountain pen. I thank you very much for it. I have been very busy in solving some of the problems, as I always read your paper "Little Men and Little Women." Very truly,
HAROLD WILKINSON.
No. 273 Jamaica avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.
Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the Tribune badge, as all my friends like it. They think it is very nice, and so do I. Yours truly,
EMILY HILL-LAY.
Dear Editor: I received the log cabin inkwell, and thank you very much for it. It is very neat and pretty, and I shall make good use of it. I have tried a number of times, but this is the first time I have won a regular prize. Respectfully,
Plainfield, N. J.
EVELYN SOKOL.